

THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD,
A
DRAMATIC POEM.

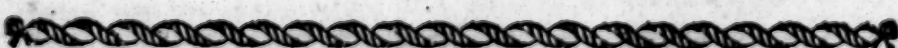
IN FIVE ACTS.

DONE INTO ENGLISH

From the ORIGINAL of

ALLAN RAMSAY,

By CORNELIUS VANDERSTOP.



GENTLE SHEPHERD

BY A. VANDERSTOEP

~~THE~~

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GENTLE SHEPHERD

BY CORNELIUS VANDERSTOEP
DRAMATIC FORM

IN FIVE ACTS

DOUBT INTO ENGLISH

From the Original of

ALBAN RAMBERG

BY CORNELIUS VANDERSTOEP

~~THE~~

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A
DRAMATIC POEM.

In FIVE ACTS.

DONE INTO ENGLISH

From the ORIGINAL of

ALLAN RAMSAY,

By CORNELIUS VANDERSTOP.

The gentle Shepherd fate beside a Spring,
All in the Shadow of a bushy Brier;
That *Colin* Hight, which well cou'd pipe and sing,
For he of *Tityrus* his Songs did here.

SPENCER, p. 1113.

L O N D O N,

Printed for the AUTHOR; and Sold by WALTER SHROPSHIRE
No. 158. New Bond-Street, J. BEW in Paternoster-Row,
all the Bookfellers and Stationers in Town and Coun-
try; and to be had also of the Author at No. 9. Princes-
Street, Hanover Square. 1777.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

THE

GRANT E. SMITH

BY

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T O
THE P U B L I C.

L O N G has the GENTLE SHEPHERD won our Praise,
As sweetly sung in *Ramsay's* flowing Lays;
Where Numbers soft their pleasing Pow'rs combine,
And artless Nature breathes in ev'ry Line:
But, tho' its Excellence so well is known,
Its Beauties, yet, too partially have shone:
Its latent Charms obscur'd to *English* View,
The *Scottish* Language understood by few.
A free Translation is the present Aim,
And hence the Author does Attention claim.
If to these Scenes some little Skill 'pertains,
And *Ramsay* charms afresh in *English* Strains;
Shou'd this Attempt keep clear of rude Offence,
The Words but chang'd, nor maim'd---their proper
Sense;
Some venial Errors Critics may excuse;
Allowance granting for a youthful Muse:
But if, all rude, his aukward Pen deface
Those simple Beauties which he meant to grace;
To public Judgment well resign'd he'll stand,
Nor dare to censure its correcting Hand:
But better Hopes arise, of fair Success,
That Candor will his well-meant Efforts bless:
To public Trial he submits his Cause,
Nor doubts, if due, Indulgence and Applause.

C. V.

Princes Street, Hanover Square.

3d April, 1777.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.

* PATIE, the Gentle Shepherd in love with PEGGY.

ROGER, a rich young Shepherd in love with JENNY.

SYMON and GLAUD, two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir WILLIAM.

BAULDY, a Hind, engaged with NEPS.

W O M E N.

PEGGY, thought to be GLAUD's Niece.

JENNY, GLAUD's only Daughter.

MAUSE, an old Woman, supposed to be a Witch.

ELSPA, SYMON's Wife.

MADGE, GLAUD's Sister.

SCENE a Shepherd's Village and Fields some few Miles from *Edinburgh*.

Time of Action, within twenty Hours.

First Act begins at Eight in the Morning.

Second Act begins at Eleven in the Forenoon.

Third Act begins at Four in the Afternoon.

Fourth Act begins at Nine o'Clock at Night.

Fifth Act begins by Day-light next Morning.

* The *English* Reader will be pleased to observe, that *Patie* is the Abbreviation of *Patrick*; and is to be pronounced as if it was spelt thus, *Paitte*.

ANALYSIS OF THE

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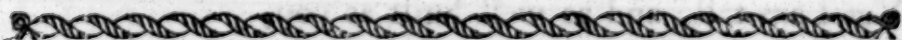
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THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

A C T. I.



S C E N E I.

PATIE and ROGER.

Patie. **T**HIS lovely Morning, *Roger*, cheers my
Blood,
And puts all Nature in a lively Mood :
How pleasant 'tis to view each rising Plant,
To hear the Birds their warbling Carrols chant ;
How wholesome is't to breathe the vernal Air,
And all the sweets it bears when void of Care :
Chear up thy Looks, and cease thus to complain,
Or tell the Cause of thy ill-season'd Pain ?

Roger. I'm born, O *Patie*, to a wretched Fate,
I'm born to strive with Hardships sad and great :
Tempests may cease to swell the rolling Flood,
Ravens and Wolves to thirst for Lambkins Blood ;

B

But

But I, oppress'd with never-ending Grief,
Must still despair of meeting with Relief.

Patie. The Bee shall loath sweet Flowers, desert the
Hive,
Willows on marshy Grounds shall cease to thrive,
Ere scornful Jilts, or Loss of worldly Gain,
Shall break my Rest, or ever give me Pain.

Roger. So might I say, but 'tis no easy Part,
For one, so heavily depress'd at Heart ;
You have so soft a Voice, so smooth a Tongue,
You are the darling of both Old and Young :
If I endeavour but to sing, or speak,
They stop their Ears, snatch up their Milk-pails quick,
Jeering me Home with many a taunting Sneer,
While my Soul sinks with silent Shame and Fear :
Yet I am tall, and as well-built as you,
Nor more unlikely to a Lads's view ;
For ev'ry Sheep you have, I'll number ten,
And shou'd, methinks, be better treated—then.

Patie. Perhaps, my Friend, you've not an open Heart,
And do not freely with your Money part ;
If that be true, what signifies your Pelf,
The Mind that's narrow—still torments itself.

Roger. My Cow-house fell, seven fine Cows were
lost,
Three others died, nor was my Temper cross'd.
Nor did I much concern, last Winter, show,
Tho' Scores of Weathers perish'd in the Snow.

Patie. Were but your Farm as thinly stock'd as mine,
Less would you lose, and less you would repine ;
He that has just enough may soundly sleep,
The Surplus only troubles one to keep.

Roger.

Roger. May Plenty flow upon thee for a Cross,
That thou may'st feel the Smart of many a Loss ;
O may'st thou doat on some fair Damsel dear,
Who ne'er will deign your love-sick Sighs to hear,
'Till, press'd beneath the Burden, you grow wiser,
And own that one may fret, and be no Miser.

Patie. Six good fat Lambs I sold but Yesterday,
And bought a Flute, to make me blythe and gay,
Of Plumb-tree made, with Iv'ry neatly bound,
A dainty Whistle with a pleasant sound ;
With this—I'll be more happy in my State,
Than you with all your Wealth, you niggard Pate.

Roger. No, *Patie*, no, I'm no such churlish Beast,
Some other Thing lies heavier at my Breast ;
I dreamt a dismal dreary Dream last Night,
My Flesh still shudders with the horrid Fright.

Patie. Now to a Friend—how strange this Language
shows,
To One, who you, and all your Secrets, knows ;
Weak are your Dreams, as weakly would you hide
Your well-known Love, and scornful *Jenny's* Pride :
Take Courage, Friend, to me your Sorrows own,
And safely trust, to me they're only known.

Roger. Indeed now, *Patie*, you have guess'd too true,
And there is nothing I'll conceal from you ;
To me proud *Jenny* shows such scornful Look,
I know not how her haughty Airs to brook ;
A fix'd Reserve and Coolness still I find,
Which fills with deep Regret my troubled Mind :
We lately met in yonder Plain by chance,
She fled in haste, nor deign'd a single Glance ;
She *Bauldy* loves, *Bauldy* who drives the Wain,
But fleers at me, and says I'm pert and vain.

Patie. But *Bauldy's* Thoughts by no means that Way
bend,
He fights for *Neps*; consider that, my Friend.

Roger. I wish I could'nt love her—but in vain,
I still must doat, and mourn her proud Disdain.
My *Beaver* is a Cur I love, I own,
Yet *Jenny* beat him till she made him groan;
Did I possess a Corner in her Breast,
She'd surely shown more Kindness to my Beast:
When I begin to tune my Pipe or Horn,
Then she displays her haughty Airs and Scorn;
Last Night I play'd, (was ever heard such Spite)
“*O'er Bogie*” was the Tune, and her Delight;
Yet tauntingly she at her Cousin leer'd,
Ask'd her what Tune I play'd, and archly sneer'd:
Flocks, wander where you like, my Joys are o'er,
I'll break my oaten Reed, and play no more.

Patie. E'en do so, *Roger*, who can help ill Chance.
But, since she's like to lead you such a Dance,
Cou'd you approve my Counsel right to keep,
Yonder's a Rock—e'en take the Lover's Leap.

Roger. I need not make such Haste my Blood to spill,
Death comes too soon, let Death come when he will.

Patie. You silly Fool, leave off that whining Way,
Seem careless, take my Word you'll win the Day.
Hear how I serv'd the Lads I love, as you
Do *Jenny*, and with Heart as staunch and true:
Yesterday Morning I was early out,
Upon an Hedge I lean'd and look'd about,
I saw my *Meg* come tripping o'er the Lea,
I saw my *Meg*, but *Peggy* saw not me;
For yet the Sun the Mist was wading thro',
And she was close upon me, ere she knew,

Her

Her Gown was tuck'd up, and did sweetly show
 Her handsome Legs that whiter were than Snow;
 Her lovely auburn Hair, so bright and sleek,
 In flowing Locks hung waving on her Cheek;
 Her Cheeks so ruddy and her Eyes so bright,
 Her pretty Mouth show'd Teeth like Iv'ry white;
 So neat and trim she was, her Cloaths so clean;
 As she came tripping o'er the dewy Green,
 I gaily call'd, my pretty *Meg*, come here,
 What makes you thus so early out, my Dear?
 But I can guess, you're come to gather Dew;—
 She scour'd away, and said, what's that to you?
 'Then fare you well, Miss Pert, e'en go your Way,
 I careless, cried, and then began to play;
 This simple Scheme succeeded, as I guest,
 My *Peggy* soon came running back in haste;
 Misnam'd me first—then bid me go away,
 And seek some wand'ring Ewes that were astray:
 I laugh'd, and so did she, and then with Haste
 I clasp'd my Arms about her Neck and Waist,
 About her yielding Waist, and took a Score
 Of sweetest Kisses from her Lips, and more;
 While thus I press'd her closely to my Arms,
 My Soul transported with her glowing Charms,
 O how she scolded me at ev'ry Kiss,
 Yet well I knew she took it not amiss.
 Dear *Roger*, when your Lass looks shy or glum,
 Do you so too, and never bite your Thumb;
 Seem to forsake her, soon she'll alter quite,
 But woo another, and she's your's outright.

Roger. Kind *Patie*, Blessings on your honest Heart,
 You are so chearful, and have such an Art
 To comfort one; e'en I, who was so weak,
 You've hearten'd up, since you began to speak;

So, for your Pains, this Present I design ;
 My Mother (rest her Soul) she made it fine ;
 A Plaid, spun of the finest Wool, and new,
 Scarlet and Green the Squares, the Borders Blue,
 With Stripes like Gold and Silver, cross'd with Black,
 I never had it yet upon my Back ;
 Well are you worthy of it, who, so kind,
 Have cur'd my fearful Doubts and clear'd my Mind.

Patie. Well, hold you there, since you've so freely
 made

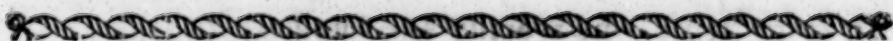
To me a Present of your fine new Plaid ;
 My Flute is yours, and she too, that's so nice,
 She shall be yours, but follow my Advice.

Roger. As you advise, I promise to observe,
 But you shall keep the Flute, who best deserve ;
 Now take it out, and give a Roundelay,
 For I'm in Glee to hear you sing and play.

Patie. But, first we'll take a turn up to the Hill,
 And see if all our Flock be feeding still,
 And then with Oat-cakes and a Slice of Cheese
 We'll make a Breakfast that a Lord might please,
 Might please the daintiest Folks, were they so wise,
 To season Meat with Health instead of Spice ;
 And when we've ta'en our Grace-cup at the Rill,
 I'll sing and play—as long as e'er you will.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE



S C E N E II.

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jenny. Come, *Meg*, let's do our Washing on this
Green,
This shining Morn will bleach our Linen clean ;
The Water's clear, the Sky, serenely blue,
Will make them like a Lilly wet with Dew :

Peggy. Go farther up the Bank to yonder Place,
That all the Sweets of Spring and Summer grace ;
Between two Trees, where yon Cascade is seen,
The Water falls, and makes a pleasing Din ;
A Pool, Breast-deep, beneath as clear as Glafs,
Kisses, with Eddies soft, the bordering Grass :
We'll end our Washing—while the Morning's cool,
And, when the Day grows hot, we'll to the Pool,
There wash ourselves——'tis healthful now in *May*,
And sweet refreshing on a Summer's Day.

Jenny. But when we're naked, what are we to do,
Should our two Swains come running down in view ?
That jeering *Patie* then wou'd rudely blame,
And, taunting, tell us, that we're void of Shame.

Peggy. We're far from any Road, and all is still,
The Lads they're feeding far beyond the Hill.
But tell me *Jenny*, now, and tell me plain,
What makes you plague your Lover with Disdain ?

The

The Neighbours all know this, as well as I,
That *Roger* loves you, yet you make him sigh :
What is the Reason ? Troth, between us two,
In ev'ry Sense—he worthy is of you.

Jenny. Dear *Meg*, I like him not ; to tell you plain,
Ne'er saw I such a stupid silly Swain :
He combs his Hair, indeed, and dresses neat,
His Stockings nicely white, and trim his Feet ;
He folds his Cravat down his Breast with Care,
And few go smarter to the Kirk or Fair ;
Yet, *Peggy*, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, how d'ye—or it's a pleasant Day.

Peggy. You dash the Lad with that disdainful Look ;
Hatred for Love is surely hard to brook :
But you'll repent, if e'er his Love grows cold,
Who likes an haughty Maiden, when she's old ?
Like a spoilt Child, who quarrels in a Pet,
And will not touch the Meat before him set,
The rest laugh at him, till the Dinner's past,
And then the Simpleton's oblig'd to fast,
Or take another's Leavings at the last. }
Fie, *Jenny*, think, and do not slip your Time,

Jenny. I never thought a single Life—a Crime.

Peggy. Nor I ;—but Love in Whispers tells us
plain,
That Men were made for Us, and We for Men ;

Jenny. If *Roger* is my Lover, he knows best,
Nought of the Kind from him I've heard express'd ;
He glouts, sobs, sighs, and I may guess the Cause,
But who's oblig'd to spell his Hums and Haws :
Whene'er he likes to tell his Mind more plain,
I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.

They're

They're Fools who Slav'ry love, and may be free :
The Men may all go hang themselves for me.

Peggy. E'en take your Way : for me, it is my Mind,
To be as yielding—as my *Patie's* kind.

Jenny. How, *Peggy*, can you love that Rattle still ?
A very Devil, that must have his Will.
Soon shall we—hear what an unhappy Life
You two will lead whene'er you're Man and Wife.

Peggy. I'll run the risk ; nor have I any Fear,
But rather think each tedious Day a Year,
'Till I with Pleasure mount my bridal Bed,
Where on my *Patie's* Breast I'll lean my Head ;
There he may kifs—as long as kissing's good,
And what we do—there's none dare call it rude :
He'll have his Will !——why true ; it is my Part
To give him that ; and he'll give me his Heart.

Jenny. He may, indeed, for ten or fifteen Days,
Carefs you much, and flatter you with Praise,
And fondle you before Folks, and alone :
But, soon as all this Honeymoon is gone,
He'll think himself as fasten'd to a Stake,
And say he's lost his Freedom for your sake ;
And then, instead of long Days of Delight,
He's dumb all Day, and scolding all the Night ;
And may be in his Humours will not stick
His tender loving Wife to beat and kick.

Peggy. Such coarse-spun Thoughts as these want
Force to move
My settled Mind, I'm too far gone in Love.
Patie to me is dearer than my Health,
And, having him, I want no other Wealth.
There's none, of all the Swains upon the Green,
Have such a Smile, or such a pleasing Mien ;

And then he talks with such persuasive Art,
His Words they thrill like Music thro' my Heart.
How blithly can he sport, and gaily jest
At little Dangers—that alarm the Rest :
Each Day that he's alone upon the Hill,
He reads strange Books that teach him wond'rous Skill ;
He is——what need I say or that or this,
'Twould take a Month to tell you what he is :
In all he says or does—such Beauties lie,
All others seem like Fools, when he is by ;
His manly Sense will long his Love secure,
Ill-nature dwells in Souls who're weak and poor.

Jenny. Alas ! my simple *Peggy*, 'ere 'tis long,
Your charming *Patie* puts you in a Song.
O 'tis a pleasant Thing to be a Bride,
With whining Brats about your Fire-side,
Roaring for this or that, with plaguy Din ;
To keep 'em tight, too, you must toil and spin ;
One Child falls sick, one scalds itself, or you,
One breaks his Shin, another's lost his Shoe ;
While every Thing goes wrong, Home grows Hell,
And *Patie* calls you worse than Tongue can tell.

Peggy. Yet, 'tis a pleasant Thing a Wife to be,
When we, around the Hearth, our Offspring see.
If I'm so happy, I shall take Delight
To hear their little Wants, and keep them tight.
O *Jenny* ! Can there greater Pleasure be,
Than to have Children fondling on your Knee ;
When all they aim at, and their greatest Bliss,
Is to be notic'd with a tender Kiss ;
Can there be Toil in watching Day and Night,
In Care of them, when Love makes Care Delight ?

Jenny. Poverty, *Peggy*, is the worst of all.
By some ill Chance shou'd Begg'ry on you fall,
Great

Great Love or merry Chear will scarcely bear
 With dirty Linen, and a Pantry spare.
 Your Cows may die—or Floods may bear away
 From off the Ground your choicest Ricks of Hay ;
 Destructive Thaws, succeeding falling Snows,
 Destroys your Weathers, and may rot your Ewes ;
 A Sharper buys your Wool and Cheese to-Day,
 But, at the Time of settling cannot pay ;
 With fullen Look—the Landlord asks his Rent ;
 You've none to give, your Money's gone and spent ;
 He seizes on your Farm, and sweeps you clear ;
 Thus driven from House and Home, where will you
 steer ?

Dear *Meg* be wise, and lead a single Life,
 You know not what it is to be a Wife.

Peggy. May such ill Luck befall that silly she
 Who has such Fears, for that was never me ;
 Let us hope well, and strive to do our best ;
 No more's requir'd, for Heav'n will do the Rest.
 I've heard my worthy Uncle often say,
 Young Men shou'd still for Wives who're virtu'us pray ;
 For the most thrifty Man would never find,
 A well-stor'd Farm, unless his Wife had join'd :
 Nought, therefore, shall be wanting on my Part,
 To gather Wealth, to raise my Shepherd's Heart.
 Whate'er he gets—I'll save with prudent Care,
 And gain repute, at Market, or at Fair,
 For wholesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient Ware :
 A Flock of Lambs, Cheese, Butter, and some Wool,
 We'll sell, to pay our Landlord to the full,
 And what remains is ours——thus, without Fear,
 With Love and Plenty, thro' the World we'll steer ;
 And when my *Patie* knows these Joys of Life,
 He'll bless the Day he got me for a Wife.

Jenny. But what if some young Damsel near the
Brook,

With dimpled Cheeks and a bewitching Look,
Shou'd make your *Patie* think his *Meg* in Fau't,
And her stale Kisses hardly worth a Thought.

Peggy. No more of that—dear *Jenny*, to be free,
The Men are much more true in Love than we ;
Nor is the wonder great, when Nature, kind,
Has blest them with Solidity of Mind :
They'll reason calmly, and with Kindness smile,
When our quick Passions wou'd our Peace beguile.
So whensoever at Home their Wives they slight,
'Tis odds the Wives are wrong, the Husband right :
Then I'll employ with Pleasure all my Art,
To keep him chearful, and secure his Heart ;
At Ev'n, when he comes weary from the Hill,
All Things shall ready be, to please his Will.
In Winter, when he toils thro' Rain and Wind,
Good Fire and hearty Welcome shall he find.
Clean Linen then I'll spread upon his Board,
And serve him with the best we can afford :
Good-humour and Vivacity shall be
Guards to my Face, to keep his Love for me.

Jenny. A Dish of married Love, ere long, gets cold,
And lessens down to nought, as Folks grow old.

Peggy. But we'll grow old together, and ne'er find
The loss of Youth, when Love grows on the Mind ;
Our Children, and their Issue, will make a Tie
More strong than aught in single Life we spy.
See yon two Elms that grow up, Side by Side,
Suppose 'em, some Years since, Bridegroom and Bride,
Nearer and nearer—ev'ry Year they're press'd,
'Till wide their spreading Branches have increas'd,
And

And in their Union now are fully blest :
This shields the other from the Eastern Blast ;
That, in return, defends it from the West.
Such as stand single (a State you so much like)
Beneath each Storm from ev'ry Wind must strike.

Jenny. Vanquish'd by you, dear *Peggy*, I must yield ;
Your better Sense has fairly won the Field ;
With the Assistance of a little Friend,
That has within my Breast been long Time penn'd.

Peggy. Alas ! poor Prison'r ! *Jenny*, that's not fair ;
Why don't you let the little Thing have Air ?
Haste, let it out ; we'll watch it, as we can,
Whether 'tis *Bauldy's* or poor *Roger's* Man.

Jenny. Another Time's as well,—for see, the Sun
Is far got up, and we've not yet begun
To wash our Cloaths :—If peevish *Madge*, our Aunt,
Shou'd come this Way, she'll storm, and rave, and rant ;
But, when we've done, I'll tell you all my Mind ;
For this seems true, no Lafs can be unkind.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT



A C T II.

S C E N E I.

GLAUD and SYMON.

Glaud. **G**OOD Morrow, Neighbour *Symon*; come,
fit down;

I'm glad to see you; what's the News in Town?
They tell me you was there the other Day,
And sold some Cattle, and some Ricks of Hay;
I warrant you've bought a Pound of Cut and Dry,
Pull out your Box, and give's a Pipe to try.

Symon. With all my Heart: And trust me now, old
Boy,
I've heard such News will fill your Heart with Joy;
For there with secret Pleasure did I learn,
That Things have taken such an happy Turn,
Has made our vile Oppressors yield the Day,
And now to save their Heads are fled away.
This so rejoic'd me, for I'm sure 'tis true,
I cou'd not rest—till I had told it you.

Glaud. Ah! *Symon*, *Symon*, chatt'ring Fools ne'er
stand
To make and spread the grossest Lies of Hand;
Which

Which soon fly round like Wild-fire, far and near :
Go on, however ; if true or false, let's hear.

Symon. Seeing's believing, *Glaud* ; and I have seen
Hab, who abroad has with our Master been ;
Our brave—good Master, who right wisely fled,
And left a fair Estate, to save his Head ;
Because, you know full well, he bravely chose
To shine, or set in Glory, with *Montrose*.
Now the Usurper *Cromwell*'s gone to *Nick*,
And *Monk* has play'd the Rump a slipp'ry Trick ;
Restor'd King *Charles* ; and ev'ry Thing's in Tune ;
And *Hab* says we shall see Sir *William* soon.

Glaud. This News is good, indeed, and makes me
blest ;
Tell it again, and swear you do not Jest.
And saw ye *Hab* ! and what did *Halbert* say ?
They have been both a tedious Time away ;
Now God be thank'd, our Master is come over ;
And his Estate, say, will he soon recover ?

Symon. Those Tyrants fell, who lately made us groan,
Like greedy Bears, are now dispers'd and gone,
And good Sir *William* shall enjoy his own. }

Claud. And may he long ; for never was he bent
To thwart our Labours with a racking Rent ;
Nor murmur'd—if we prosper'd in our Gains,
But still encourag'd all our honest Pains.

Symon. Nor e'er wou'd he, with supercilious Air,
Allow us in his Presence to be bare.

“ Put on your Hat, good *Symon*, take a Seat ;
“ How's all at Home ? How's *Elspa* ?—How does
“ *Kate* ?

“ How sells black Cattle?—What brings Wool this
“ Year?”

And such like kind Enquiries wou’d you hear.

Glaud. Then wou’d he make his Butler bring good
Chear,

With Ale as strong as Wine, and full as clear;
Which in our Heads soon made such Spirits come,
As made me many a Time go dancing Home.
My Joy now rises——*Symon*, will you stay,
And taste a friendly Dinner here to-Day?
We’ll send for *Elspa* too; I beg you will;
I’ll whistle *Pate* and *Roger* from the Hill;
I’ll send directly to the nearest Town,
And get a Cask of Ale both stout and brown;
And make our Cottagers, an hearty Band,
Drink, ’till they know not if they sit or stand.

Symon. I wou’d not baulk my Friend his good De-
sign,

If first it had not been a Thought of mine;
But, t’other Day a Load of Malt I brew’d,
And kill’d two Sheep in order fat and good;
Plenty of oaten Cakes has *Elspa* got,
And a large Ham hangs ready for the Pot;
And just before I came, at my Desire,
The largest Pot was put upon the Fire,
A Sheep to boil; another we will roast:
And on the Pudding *Elspa* spares no Cost;
Rich will it be, for she can mix full nice
The right Ingredients with a little Spice;
Besides two Fowls, with a nice dried Tongue:
And we’ve invited Neighbours old and young,
To pass this Afternoon with Mirth and Glee,
To drink our Master’s Health—and merry be:

You

You must not then refuse to join the Rest,
Since you're my nearest Friend—whom I love best :
Bring with you all your Family, and then,
Whene'er you please, I'll feast with you again.

Glaud. Spoke like yourself, old Friend ; you needn't
fear—

But at your Banquet I shall first appear :
Faith, we'll eat, drink, and sing, with spirits bold,
Banish all Care, nor think that we are old :
Old, said I——troth I'm younger by a Score,
With this good News, than what I was before :
I'll dance and sing ! Hey *Madge*, come forth ; d'ye
hear.

Enter *MADGE*.

Madge. Is the Man mad ? Dear *Symon*, welcome
here :

What wou'd you, *Glaud*, with all this Haste and Din ?
You never let a Body sit to spin.

Glaud. Spin ? Pshaw !—go break your Wheel, and
burn the Frame,
And set the largest Peat-stack in a Flame ;
Then round the Bonfire dance with Mirth and Glee,
Since we shall soon our good Sir *William* see.

Madge. Brave News indeed—who was it told you,
pray ?

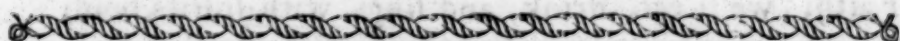
Glaud. What matters that ?—Go, get my best
Array ;
Look out the nicest of my Cravat Bands,
My whitest Stockings, Gloves too for my Hands ;
Then from their washing call the Girls in haste,
And make yourselves as neat, Head, Feet, and Waist,

D

As

As you were fure to meet your Sweethearts gay ;
For we are all to dine with *Sym* to-Day.

Symon. Do, honest *Madge*——and *Glaud*, I'll Home
with hafte,
And fee that all in proper Order's plac'd. [*Exeunt*.



S C E N E II.

BAULDY alone.

Bauldy. What's this—I cannot bear't ! 'tis worfe
than Hell,
To be in Flames of Love—and dare not tell !
O *Peggy*, sweeter than the Dawn of Day,
Sweeter than daify Meads, or new-mown Hay ;
Blyther than Lambs that frisk upon the Green,
Straiter than aught that on the Forest's seen ;
Her Eyes the clearest Drops of Dew outshine,
The Lillies in her Breast their Charms resign ;
Her Legs, her Arms, her Cheek, her Mouth, her
Mien,
Will be my Death, that will be shortly seen :
For *Roger* loves her dear, and she loves him,
And I with *Neps*, in an unlucky Whim,
Made a rash Vow ! Oh ! what a foolish Beast,
To make rash Vows—until before the Priest !
I dare not speak my Mind ; else all the three,
No doubt, wou'd prove a sep'rate Enemy :
'Tis hard to bear——I'll try some witchcraft Art,
To break with one, and gain the other's Heart :

Here *Maufe* resides, a Witch who for small Price
 Can cast her Spells, and give me some Advice;
 She can o'ercast the Night, and cloud the Moon,
 And make the Dev'ls obey her magic Tune;
 At midnight Hours o'er the Church-yards she raves,
 And digs unchristen'd Children from their Graves;
 Boils up their Livers in a Wizard's Jowl,
 Then round her magic Fire does strangely howl;
 And then her Prayers does sev'n Times backward say,
 Till *Plotcock* comes with Lumps of *Lapland* Clay
 Mix'd with the Venom of vile Toads and Snakes:
 Of this unseemly Pictures oft she makes
 Of any one she hates—and makes expire
 With slow and racking Pains before a Fire;
 Stuck full of Pins, the dev'lish Pictures melt,
 The Pain, by those they represent, is felt:
 And yonder's *Maufe*, who full well knows the Trick,
 When one like me comes running to old *Nick*;
 She and her Cat sit basking in the Yard,
 To speak my Errand, faith, I'm now afraid:
 But I must do't, tho' I shou'd never thrive,
 They gallop fast—who Devils and Women drive.

[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

MAUSE sitting at her Door.

Enter BAULDY.

Bauldy. How does old honest *Gammer* of the Vale?
 At seventy Years you look both stout and hale.

D 2

Maufe.

Maufe. Just winding off a little Thread I've spun,
And basking my cold Limbs before the Sun;
But what brings you, my Child, so soon this Morn?
Is there no Dung to spread? To thrash—no Corn?

Bauldy. Enough of both—but something that re-
quires
Your helping Hand to forward my Desires.

Maufe. My helping Hand, ah! What can I do now,
Who underneath both Age and Pen'ry bow?

Bauldy. Ay, but you're wise, and wiser far than I,
Or most Part of the Parish—tell a Lie.

Maufe. What kind of Wisdom, think you, I'm pos-
sessed,
That lifts my Character above the Rest?

Bauldy. Well vers'd in Herbs, and Seasons of the
Moon,
By skilful Charms it's known what you have done.

Maufe. What People say, dear *Bauldy*, let me hear;
Keep nothing from me; you have nought to fear.

Bauldy. Since you desire it, then, upon my Soul,
Good *Maufe*, what each one says—I'll tell the whole:
When last the Wind made *Glaud* a roofless Barn,
When last the Flood bore off my Mother's Yarn,
When *Symon's* Horse so suddenly fell lame,
When *Tibby* churn'd—and there no Butter came;
When *Bessy Freetock's* Child began to groan,
To a Fairy turn'd, and cou'd not stand alone;
When *Wattie* lost himself, and did not know
His Way to find amidst that dreadful Snow;
When *Mungo's* Mare stood still and sweat with Fright—
When bringing Home the Midwife in the Night;

When

When *Bawfy* shot to death upon the Green,
 And *Sally's* Garland, lost, no more was seen;
You, Gammer, still was blam'd for what fell out,
 And all the Parish dreads you round about.
 And so they may, who mean to show their Wrath;
 But I—to wrong you—shou'd be very loth;
 Then lend Assistance, faithful prove to me;
 And, in return, with Gifts I'll grateful be.

Mause. I thank you, Lad; now tell me your Demand;
 And, if I can, I'll lend my helping Hand.

Bauldy. Then—I love *Peggy*—*Neps* is fond of me,
Peggy loves *Pate*—and *Patie's* fly I see,
 And loves sweet *Meg*—but *Neps's* I'll ne'er be.
 Cou'd you turn *Patie's* Love to *Neps*, and then—
Peggy's to me—you'd make me blest of Men.

Mause. I'll try my Art to make these Things go
 right;
 So go your ways, and come again at Night;
 Against that Time I'll proper Things prepare,
 Worth all your promis'd Gifts; to take no Care.

Bauldy. Well, *Mause*, I'll come, if I the Road can
 find;
 But if you raise old *Nick*, he'll raise the Wind;
 Then Rain and Thunder, may be, when 'tis Night,
 Will make the Sky so dark, 'twill pose me quite.
 We are all to be to-Day at *Symon's* Feast;
 Will you in some shape come, 'twill be a Jest:
 And there you may our diff'rent Motions spy,
 There's none shall know on't, *Mause*, but you and I.

Mause. Perhaps I may—let none know what has past
 'Tween you and me, or fear an adverse Blast.

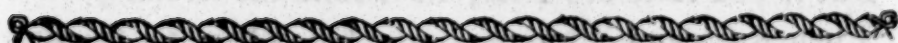
Bauldy.

Bauldy. If I aught of your Secrets e'er advance,
May you ride on me ev'ry Night to *France*.

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

Mause. This Fool, with Notions ignorant and ev'l,
Thinks I'm a Witch, in Compact with the Dev'l ;
Because by Education I was taught
To speak and act above the common Thought :
Such gross Mistake shall quickly now appear ;
Soon shall they know what brought—what keeps me
here.

Now, since my royal Sov'reign's Right's restor'd,
A Shepherdess is Daughter to a Lord :
The pretty Foundling—honest *Gland*, with Care,
So well has brought up, who's so good and fair :
Her infant Life I sav'd, when a false Friend—
Of *Cromwell's* Party—did her Death intend,
To establish him and his in all these Plains,
Which by right Heritage to her pertains :
She's now in sweetest Bloom, has Blood and Charms
Of too much Value for a Shepherd's Arms :
None knows this but me—but, if Morn were come,
I'd tell such Tales—Wonder shou'd strike 'em dumb,
[*Exit.*]



S C E N E IV.

PEGGY and PATIE.

Peggy. O *Patie*, let me go, I must not stay ;
We're both call'd Home, and *Jenny* she's away.

Patie.

Patie. I'm loth to part so soon—now we're alone,
And *Roger*—he's away with *Jenny* gone ;
They're as content, for aught I hear or see,
To be alone themselves, I judge, as we ;
Here, where the Primrose thickest paints the Green,
Hard by this little Brook we'll talk unseen ;
Hark, how the Linnets sing above our Heads,
How soft the Zephyrs whisper thro' the Reeds.

Peggy. The scented Meadows, Birds, and healthy
Breeze,
For aught I know, may—more than *Peggy*—please.

Patie. You wrong me much, to doubt my being
kind ;
In saying that you call me dull and blind :
If I cou'd fancy aught's so sweet or fair
As my sweet *Meg*, or worthy of my Care :
Thy Breath is sweeter than the sweetest Briar,
Thy Cheeks and Breast the finest Flow'rs appear ;
Thy Words excel the most delightful Notes
That warble thro' the Thrush—or Linnet's Throats.
With thee I mind no Flow'rs that grace the Field,
Or ripest Berries that our Mountains yield ;
The sweetest Fruits, that hang upon the Tree,
Are far inferior to a Kiss of thee.

Peggy. Perhaps you've wicked Meaning in this
Speech ;
And Lambs shou'd tremble when the Foxes preach :
I durstn't stay ; *Patie*, let go my Arm,
And swear you'll ne'er attempt to do me harm.

Patie. Sooner a Mother shall her Fondness quit
For the sweet Babe—that on her Lap does sit ;
The Sun shall change, to change the Moon shall cease,
The Goats to climb, the Sheep to yield the Fleece,
Ere

Ere any Thing I'll either say or do
To injure thee, I swear by all that's true.

Peggy. Then keep your Oath ;—but oft you Men will
swear,

And perjur'd be to many in a Year :
Now I believe you love me truly ; yet,
If some fair Damsel your fond Heart shou'd get,
Your *Meg*, forsaken, fruitless might complain,
How she was once lov'd by a faithless Swain.

Patie. I'm sure I cannot change ; you needn't fear ;
Tho' we're but young—I've lov'd you many a Year :
I well remember, when you was so young
You scarce cou'd walk, I chose you from the Throng
Of all the Girls, and led thee by the Hand
Oft to the Daisy-bank, or rushy Strand ;
Thou smiling at my Side, I took Delight
To pull the Rushes green, with Roots so white ;
Of which, to please thee, as we harmless play'd,
A Garland, to adorn thee, quick I made.

Peggy. When first you went with Shepherds to the
Hill,
And I to milk the Ewes first tried my Skill ;
To bear the Milk-pail was no Toil to me—
When at the Fold at Ev'n I met with thee.

Patie. When Corn grew yellow waving in yon Vales,
And wild Flow'rs, interspers'd adorn'd the Dales,
No Dangers seem'd too great, or troubled me,
Cou'd I but find blue Berries ripe for thee.

Peggy. Whene'er you wrestled, run, or throw'd the
Stone,
What Pleasure did I feel when you had won ;
At all these Sports you still gave Joy to me ;
For none can wrestle, run, or play like thee.

Patie.

Patie. Jenny sings soft the "*Broom of Cowden knows* ;"
And *Rosy* sings the "*Milking of the Ewes* ;"
But when my *Peggy* sings, with sweeter Skill,
The "*Boatman*," or the "*Lafs of Patie's Mill*,"
It is a thousand Times more sweet to me ;
Tho' they sing well, they cannot sing like thee.

Peggy. How soon we Lasses think what we desire,
And prais'd by those we love, adds to the Fire ;
But who loves best—let Time and Conduct try ;
Be constant, and my Love shall Time defy ;
Be still as now, and all my Care shall be
How to contrive what pleasing is to thee.

Patie. Wer't thou as giddy as some others are,
Who little better than our Clowns appear ;
At nought they'll wonder, senseless Tales believe,
Be gay for Trifles, and for Trifles grieve ;
Such ne'er cou'd win my Heart, who know not how
Either to keep a Prize, or yet prove true :
But thou, in better Sense, without a Jest,
As in thy Beauty, far exceeds the Rest :
Continue kind, and all my Care shall be
How to contrive what pleasing is to thee.

Peggy. Agreed ;—but see old Aunty comes this Way ;
I know they'll wonder what can make us stay.

Patie. And let them wonder :—now a gentle Kiss,
Or fifty sweet ones, wou'dn't be amiss ;
And when we meet again—I'll sing, with Glee,
The Song I've just compos'd on you and me.

Peggy. Adieu, dear Youth, with Pleasure I agree.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

E

A C T

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY Solus,

(Disguised as a Fortune-teller.)

THE Gentleman thus hid in low Disguise,
 I'll for a Time, unknown, delight mine Eyes
 With a full View of ev'ry fertile Plain,
 Which once I lost—which now are mine again;
 Yet, 'midst my Joys, some Prospects Pain renew,
 Whilst I my once fair Seat in Ruins view.
 Yonder, alas! it desolately stands;
 It's until'd Roof a rising Sigh commands;
 The Windows all broke in, no Chimney left,
 The naked Walls of Tap'stry all bereft;
 My grand Pavillion now a tott'ring Wall,
 That with each Storm of Wind does piece-meal fall.
 My Gardens once adorn'd, the most complete,
 With all that Nature—all that Art makes sweet;
 Where round the verdant Lawn, and pebble Walks,
 The dewy Flow'rs hung nodding on their Stalks;
 But overgrown with Nettles, Docks, and Briar,
 No Hyacinths or Woodbines now appear;
 How sadly brok'n the rising ample Shade,
 Where Peach and Nect'rine Trees their Branches
 spread,

Arrang'd

Arrang'd in Rows, and early did produce
 Fruit fair to View, delightful in the Use;
 All round in Gaps—the Walls in Ruins lie;
 And from what stands the wither'd Branches fly:
 These soon shall be repair'd; and now my Joy
 Forbids all Grief, since I'm to see my Boy,
 My only Prop, sole Object of my Care;
 Since Heav'n too soon call'd home his Mother fair:
 Him, ere the Rays of Reason clear'd his Thought,
 I secretly to faithful *Symon* brought;
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his Birth
 'Till we shou'd see what changing Times brought
 forth:

Hid from himself, he rises with the Dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the Hill and Lawn
 After his fleecy Charge; serenely gay,
 With other Shepherds whistling o'er the Day;
 Thrice happy Life! that's from Ambition free,
 Remov'd from Crowns and Courts; how chearfully
 A calm contented Mortal spends his Time
 In hearty Health, his Soul unstain'd with Crime.
 Now towards *Symon's* House I'll bend my Way,
 And see what makes yon Revelling to-Day;
 All on the Green in a fair wanton Ring
 My youthful Tenants gaily dance and sing.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

A Lawn before SYMON's House ; Shepherds and Shepherdesses dancing and singing ; the old People, SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA, sitting by, smoaking their Pipes, and drinking.

Glaud. We once ourselves were young ; I love to see
Young Lads and Lasses dancing merrily :
Faith, *Symon*, *Patie's* grown a comely Lad ;
To see him look so well, *Sym*, makes me glad :
Among our Youths his Talents are confess'd ;
And none can better tell a Tale or Jest.

Elspa. Sweet Youth, he's a great Comfort to us here ;
God make him good, preserve him from all Care :
He is a Lad well worthy of our Love ;
For ne'er did he our Wrath or Anger move.

Glaud. I think, good *Elspa*, if I'm not mistaken,
He seems to be with *Peggy's* Beauty taken ;
And troth my Niece is a right dainty she,
As you well know ; a prettier needn't be,
Nor better——tho' she were not akin to me. }

Symon. Ah ! *Glaud* ! I doubt that ne'er will be a
Match ;
My *Patie's* wild, and difficult to catch ;

And

And if he weren't, Reasons I could say,
'Twill be impossible to see that Day.

Glaud. What Reason can you have? There's none
I'm sure;
Unless, perhaps, you think the Girl is poor :
But if she marries, *Symon*, to my Mind,
I'll be to her—as my own Daughter—kind ;
Fourscore of breeding Ewes from my own Flock,
Five brindled Cows, the best of all my Stock,
I'll give to *Meg* the Day that she's a Bride ;
Besides, hereafter, if good Luck shou'd bide,
Ten Lambs at weaning Time, long as I live,
And two fine Calves, I'll yearly to her give.

Elspa. You offer fair, kind *Glaud*, we must allow ;
But ask not what's not fit you yet shou'd know.

Symon. Ere eight Days more, perhaps, you'll find it
true
That our Denial is no flight to you.

Glaud. Well, no more of this—come push about
the Bowl,
We'll drink their Healths, however Things may roll.
[*Their Healths go round.*]

Symon. But will you tell me, *Glaud*? by some 'tis
said,
Your Niece is but a Foundling—that was laid
Down at your Holly-Tree one Morn in *May*,
Nicely wrapp'd up on a clean Truss of Hay.

Glaud. That chatt'ring *Madge*, my Sister, tells such
Lies,
Whene'er our *Meg* her peevish Humour tries.

Enter

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. O Father, there's an old Man on the Green,
The strangest Fortune-teller e'er was seen ;
Looks in our Palms, and then whips out a Book,
Turns o'er the Leaves, and gives one's Face a look ;
Then tells the oddest Tales that e'er you heard ;
His Head is grey, and long and white his Beard.

Symon. Go, bring him in ; we'll hear what he can
say ;

None shall go hungry by my House to-Day.

[*Exit Jenny.*]

But for his telling Fortunes, troth, I fear
He knows no more of that than my grey Mare.

Glaud. Fortune-tellers ! I doubt 'em all, I own ;
For greater Liars sure were never known.

JENNY returns ; bringing Sir WILLIAM ; with them
PATIE.

Symon. Old Man, you're welcome---sit you down,
my Friend.

Sir *Will.* My humble Thanks on you and yours at-
tend.

Symon. Here's t'ye then---have you come far to-Day ?

Sir *Will.* Good Sir, I pledge you---no, but little
way ;

Grown stiff with Age, I walk but very slow ;
Two or three Miles the most that I can go.

Symon. Then take such Lodging here as we can
proffer ;

And, if you're wise, you'll not refuse our offer.

Sir

Sir Will. That's kind, good Sir; and since you
speak me so,
If you've a Child, and wou'd it's Fortune know,
I will employ the utmost of my Skill
To tell it faithfully, be it good or ill.

Symon. (Pointing to *Patie*) only that Boy---alas! no
more I have
To make me merry or to make me grave.

Sir Will. Young Man, let's see your Hand---what
makes you sneer?

Patie. Because your Skill's but little worth, I fear.

Sir Will. You speak before you think---the Issue
'bide;
A longing Mother's Mark you've 'pon your Side.

Elspa. Preserve us all! for well I know that's true;
O! get you gone, the Devil's too great with you.
The Mark he has, but never known before,
Or ever seen, since first a Shirt he wore.

Sir Will. Heed me, if this Lad's Life the Fates
shou'd save,
Ere long he'll be a Knight, rich, strong, and brave.

Elspa. A Knight! hear ye this Chuck, what think
ye now?

Symon. I cannot tell! strange old Man, who art thou?
Well fare your Heart, 'tis good to bode of Wealth;
Come, take a Bumper to the new Knight's Health.

[*Patie's Health goes round.*]

Patie. A Knight of two good Whistles and a Pole,
With Curs, my trusty Tenants, are the whole
Of all my great Estate---or like to be;
So, stupid Fool, ne'er break your Jokes on me.

Symon. Hush, *Patie*! let the Man look o'er your Hand ;

Oft Times as broken a Ship has come to Land.

[*Sir William* looks a little at *Patie's* Hand, then counterfeits falling into a Trance ; they endeavour to lay him strait.]

Elspa. O lud ! the Man's a Wizard, or possess'd With nothing good ; or Second-sight at least :
Where is he now ? ———

Glaud. ——— He's seeing all that's done In ev'ry Place below, or 'bove the Moon.

Elspa. These second-sighted Folks fill me with Fear,
Who see Things past, and Things to come, as clear
As I can see my Thumb—O ! he can tell,
(Only but ask him soon as he is well)
When we shall see *Sir William* ? Hush ! he heaves,
And speaks out broken Words like one that raves.

Symon. He'll soon grow better ; run and fetch a Glass Of Usquebagh ; his Sickness soon will pass.

(*Sir William* starts up and speaks :)

A Knight, who for a Lion fought
Against a bearish Herd,
Was to long Toil and Trouble brought,
In which some Thousands shar'd.

But now again the Lion rears,
And Joy spreads o'er the Plain ;
The Lion has destroy'd the Bears,
The Knight returns again.

The

The Knight in a few Days shall bring
A Shepherd from the Fold,
And shall present him to the King,
A Subject true and bold.

He gentle *Patie* shall be call'd :
All you, that hear me now,
May well believe what I have told ;
For it shall happen true.

Symon. Friend, may your Saying happen true and
quick ;
But faith I fear you've bargain'd with old *Nick*,
To tell these Tales that some wou'd secret keep ;
Or do you get them told you in your Sleep ?

Sir Will. Howe'er I get 'em never rack your Head ;
I come not here Fortunes to tell for Bread ;
But I'll lay ten to one with any here,
That all I prophecy will soon appear.

Symon. You conj'ring Folk are People but so so ;
Here are who know, and those who do not know,
The mystic Meaning of your puzzling Tale,
Which soon will make a Noise o'er Hill and Dale.

Glaud. It is good Sport to hear how *Sym* believes,
And takes for Gospel, what this Conj'ror gives
Of flowing Fortunes, which to *Pate* he lays :
But what we wish we think in any Ways.

Sir Will. Hush ! doubtful Man ; for, ere the Sun
Has driven twice down to the Sea,
What I have said—you shall see done
In part ; or no more credit me.

F

Glaud.

Glaud. Well, be it so, good Friend ; no more I'll
say ;
But I've two handsome Lasses, young and gay ;
Plump, ripe for Men : I wish you cou'd foresee
Such Luck for them ; 'twou'd Pleasure bring to me.

Sir Will. No more thro' Secrets can I sift—
Till Night assumes her Reign ;
I have but once a Day that Gift ;
So your Desire restrain.

Symon. Dear *Elspa* lay the Cloth, and fetch some
Meat ;
Of what you have make this old Stranger eat.

Sir Will. Delay a-while your hospitable Care ;
I'd rather spend this Evening, calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd Tow'r to take a Walk
With you, kind Friend, to have some private Talk.

Symon. Soon as you please I'll answer your Desire ;
And, *Glaud*, you'll take your Pipe beside the Fire ;
We'll but go round the Tow'r, and soon be back ;
Then sup, and harmless Jokes together crack.

Glaud. I'll walk the while, and see the young ones
play ;
My Heart's still light, altho' my Locks are grey.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

S C E N E III.

ROGER and JENNY.

Roger. **D**E A R *Jenny*, I wou'd speak t'ye, if I
might ;
Yet still I fear, you show such scornful Slight.

Jenny. And what wou'd *Roger* say, if he might
speak ;
Am I oblig'd to guess what you're to seek ?

Roger. Yes, you may guess with Ease for what I
sigh—
From all my Service past and wishful Eye ;
And I must tell it, tho' I risk your Scorn ;
You're never from my Thoughts both Night and
Morn :
Cou'd I love you less—I shou'd happy be ;
But happier far cou'd you but fancy me.

Jenny. And who knows, gentle Youth, but that I
may ;
You cannot say that e'er I said you nay.

Roger. Alas ! my fearful Heart begins to fail,
Whene'er I strive to tell you out my Tale ;
For fear some other Lad, more rich than I,
Has won your Love, and near your Heart may lie.

Jenny. I love my Father, Cousin *Meg* I love ;
But to this Day no Man my Heart cou'd move,
Except my Kin ; each Lad's alike to me :
And from you all I best had keep me free.

Roger. Too lovely *Jenny*, say not that again ;
What Pleasure can you take in giving Pain ?
I'm glad, however, that you yet are free ;
Who knows but you'll relent—and pity me.

Jenny. You have my Pity now—that you're so hot
On what makes all our Sweets so soon forgot :
O! we're handsome, good, and every Thing ;
How sweet we breathe whene'er we kiss or sing ;
But we're no sooner Fools to give Consent,
Than we our Folly and lost Pow'r repent :
When join'd in Marriage-noose—a Wife's become,
Altho' the first, the greatest Drudge at Home.

Roger. That only happens when, for Love of Gold,
One takes a Wife—as one wou'd take a Fold ;
Or when harsh Parents Contracts often bind
With diff'rent Tempers that can ne'er prove kind :
But Love, true downright Love, engages me
(Tho' you shou'd scorn) still to delight in thee.

Jenny. What honey'd Words from Lover's Lips
can fall ;
But fatal Marriage comes—and ends them all.
I've seen with Sunshine fair—the Morning rise,
And soon the fleeting Clouds obscure the Skies ;
I've seen the Silver Stream a-while run clear,
And soon in muddy Puddles disappear.
The Bridegroom may rejoice, the Bride may smile ;
But soon Contentions all their Joys beguile.

Roger. I've seen the Morning rise with fairest Light,
The Day unclouded sink in calmest Night ;

I've seen the Stream run winding thro' the Plain,
Increase and join the Ocean without Stain.
The Bridegroom may be blythe, the Bride may smile,
Rejoice thro' Life, and all your Fears beguile.

Jenny. Were I but sure your Love wou'd long remain,
The fewest Words my easy Heart wou'd gain :
For I must own, since now at last you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lik'd your Company ;
And ever had a Warmness in my Breast—
That made you dearer to me than the Rest.

Roger. I'm happy now, too happy ; hold my Head ;
This Flow of Pleasure well might strike me dead :
Come to my Arms ! or kill me ! I'm now fir'd
With wond'ring Love ; let's kiss till we are tir'd :
We'll kiss, my Dear, the Sun and Stars away—
And wonder at the quick Return of Day !
O ! *Jenny* ! let my Arms around thee twine,
And press thy dear delightful Lips to mine.

[*They embrace.*]

Jenny. With equal Joy my soften'd Heart does yield
To own thy well-tried Love has gain'd the Field :
Now by these warmest Kisses thou hast won
Swear thus to love me, when by Vows we're one.

Roger. Then here I swear by all my Joys to come,
Or may the first strike me both deaf and dumb,
There shall not be a better treated Wife,
If you agree with me to lead your Life.

Jenny. Well, I agree ;—now to my Father go,
Get his Consent—he'll hardly say you no ;
For you have that will strongly recommend :
Old Folk like those who want nor Cash nor Friend.

Roger.

Roger. My Folds of Oxen hold two Score complete,
 Twelve Steers and Heifers in my Cow-house bleat ;
 Five Packs of Wool I can at *Lammas* sell,
 Shorn from my Stock of Lambs in yonder Dell ;
 Good twenty Pair of Blankets for our Bed,
 With frugal Care, my thrifty Mother made ;
 Each Thing that makes a pleasant House, and tight,
 Was still her Care, my Father's great Delight :
 They left me all,—which now gives Joy to me ;
 Because I can give all, my Dear, to thee :
 And had I fifty Times the Wealth---I speak,
 None but my *Jenny* shou'd the same partake :
 My Love, and all is yours ; now hold 'em fast,
 And use 'em as you like to make 'em last. -

Jenny. I'll do my best ;---but see who comes this
 Way,

Patie and *Meg*,---I dare not longer stay ;
 Let's steal from hence, and meet again at Morn,
 Shou'd we be seen, I dread *Meg's* taunting Scorn.

Roger. So where the Willow shades the limpid
 Pool---

I'll from the Hill come down, when Day grows cool ;
 Observe th' appointed Time ; there let us meet
 To kiss and tell our Loves ; there's nought so sweet.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E IV.

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir Will. To whom belongs this Tow'r so much decay'd ?

Symon. To one---who lost it---lending gen'rous Aid
To bear the Head up, when rebellious Tail
Against the Laws of Nature did prevail ;
Sir William Worthy is our Master's Name,---
There's not a nobler on the Rolls of Fame.

Sir William drops his Mask.

O ! my lov'd Master, is it you I see ?
What Joy ! in Health, and from all Dangers free ;
Return'd to chear his longing Tenants Sight,
To bless his Son, my Charge, the World's Delight.

Sir Will. Rise, faithful *Symon*, in my Arms enjoy
A Place---thy Due, kind Guardian of my Boy.
I came to view thy Care in this Disguise,
And am convinc'd thy Conduct has been wise ;
Since still the Secret thou'st securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real Birth reveal'd.

Symon. The strict Obedience to your Order due
Was the first Tie that bound me to be true ;

And

And my own Judgment form'd as strong a Band
To keep the Secret of your just Command ;
Since well I know, without a large Estate,
A Youth, tho' sprung from Kings, looks meanly great.

Sir Will. And often vain and idly spend their Time,
Till grown unfit for Action, past their Prime,
Hang on their Friends—which gives their Minds a
cast

That turns them downright Beggars at the last.

Symon. I'm well convinc'd, Sir, you have spoken true ;
For there's Lord *Robert's* Son, who's lov'd by few ;
His Father lost his Fortune and his Fame,
And left his Heir nought but an empty Name ;
Who roves about forlorn from Place to Place,
As void of Manners---as of Sense and Grace ;
Oppressing all, as Punishment of their Sin,
Who are within his tenth Degree of Kin ;
Runs in each Tradesman's Debt---who's so unjust
To his own Family---as to give him Trust.

Sir Will. Such useless Branches of a Commonwealth
Shou'd be lopp'd off—to give a State more Health.
Unworthy bare Reflection.—*Symon*, run
O'er all your Observations on my Son ;
A Parent's Fondness quickly finds Excuse ;
But do not with Indulgence Truth abuse.

Symon. To speak his Praise---the longest Summer's Day
Wou'd be too short—cou'd I his Worth display ;
In Word and Deed---he stands so well confest,
Beyond Description he excels the Rest ;
And when there's e'er a Quarrel or a Fight,
Patrick's made Judge to tell whose Cause is right ;
And his Decree stands good—he'll make it stand ;
None dares to censure his correcting Hand :

With

With a firm Look, and a commanding Way,
He makes the proudest of our Herds obey.

Sir *Will*. Your Tale delights me——my good Friend
proceed ;
What Learning has he ?——can he write and read ?

Symon. Both wond'rous well ; for troth I did'nt spare
To give him Learning in an ample Share ;
And he delights in Books——can read and speak,
With equal Ease, in *Latin* or in *Greek*.

Sir *Will*. Where gets he Books to read, and of what
Kind ?
Tho' some give Light, some blindly lead the Blind.

Symon. Whene'er he drives our Sheep to *Edinburgh*
Port,
He buys some Books of Hist'ry, Song, or Sport ;
Nor does he ever want a Store at Will,
But always takes a Cargo to the Hill :
About one *Shakespeare* and a famous *Ben*
He often speaks, and calls them best of Men :
How sweetly *Hawthornden* and *Stirling* sing,
And one call'd *Cowley*---loyal to his King,
He knows full well, and makes the Verses ring. }
I've sometimes thought he lavish'd too much Praise
About fine Poems, Histories, and Plays :
When I reprov'd him once, a Book he brings ;
With this, says he, I can converse with Kings.

Sir *Will*. He answer'd well ; and much you glad my
Ear,
When such Accounts I of my Shepherd hear.
Reading such Books can raise a Shepherd's Mind
Above a Lord's, who is not thus inclin'd.

Symon. What know we better, that so seldom
look,
Except on rainy Sundays, on a Book,
When we, a Leaf or two half read, then doze,
And all our Hearers---with ourselves---compose.

Sir Will. Well jested, *Symon*,—but one Question more
I'll only ask you now, and then give o'er.
My Boy is now the Age---when little Loves
Flutter around young Hearts like cooing Doves ;
Has no young Damsel, with inviting Mien
And rosy Cheek, the Wonder of the Green,
Engag'd his Look and caught his youthful Heart ?

Symon. I fear'd the worst, but know the smallest
Part.
Of late I've seen him sev'ral Times more sweet
With *Glaud's* fair Niece---than I thought right or meet ;
I had my Fears, but now have nought to fear ;
Since, like yourself, your Son will soon appear
A Gentleman---enrich'd with all these Charms---
May bless the fairest---best born Lady's Arms.

Sir Will. This Night must end his unambitious Fire,
When higher Views shall greater Thoughts inspire.
Go, *Symon*, bring him quickly here to me ;
None but yourself shall our first Meeting see.
Yonder's my Horse and Servant near at Hand,
Attending at the Time I gave Command ;
Strait in my own Apparel will I dress,
Now you the Secret may to all confess.

Symon. With how much Joy I on this Errand go---
None but myself alone can truly know.

[*Exit Symon.*

Sir

Sir WILLIAM Solus.

Whene'er th' Event of Hope's Success appears,
 One happy Hour cancels the Toil of Years ;
 A thousand Toils are lost in *Lethe's* Stream,
 And Cares disperse just like a Morning Dream ;
 When wish'd for Pleasures rise like Morning Light,
 The Pain that's past enhances the Delight :
 These Joys I feel, that Words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known without my late Distress ;
 But now from his rustic Business and Love
 I must in haste my *Patrick* soon remove
 To Courts and Camps, that may his Soul improve.

Like the rough Diamond, as it leaves the Mine,
 Only in little Breakings shews it's Light ;
 Till artful Polishing has made it shine ;
 Thus Education makes the Genius bright.

[Exit.]

END OF ACT THE THIRD.

A C T IV.
S C E N E I.

Enter MAUSE and MADGE.

Mause. **T**HE Knight come Home, and owns young
Pate his Heir ;
That's News indeed ! ———

Madge. ——— as true as you stand there.
As all were dancing in old *Symon's* Yard,
Sir *William*, like a Conj'ror, with a Beard
Five Spans in length, and white as Snow can fall,
Among us came, and cry'd, be merry all.
We greatly wonder'd at his uncouth Look,
When from his Side he drew him forth a Book ;
And, as we stood around him all amaz'd,
He ey'd us all,---but most on *Patrick* gaz'd :
Said he cou'd tell our Fortunes, if desir'd ;
Yet nothing for his Pains and Skill requir'd.

Mause. Then all the Lads and Lasses sure wou'd
strait
Around him throng, to know their future Fate.

Madge. As fast as Fleas skip to the little Wool
Which by fly *Reynard's* hung from out his Jowl,
When he, to drown them, and his Sides to cool,
In summer Days slides backward in a Pool :

In

In short, he did for *Pate* rare Things foretell,
 Without the Help of Conjuring or Spell;
 At last, when well diverted, he withdrew,
 Pull'd off his Mask to *Symon*; *Symon* knew
 His welcome Master; round his Knees he prest,
 Hung on his Coat, and wept, with Joy distress:
Patrick was sent for——happy Lad is he;
Symon told *Elspa*, *Elspa* told it me;
 You now will hear the secret Story soon;
 And faith it's e'en right odd, when all is done,
 To think that *Sym* the Secret kept so well,
 Nor e'en to *Pate* himself the least you'd tell:
 Our *Meg*, poor Thing, alas! has lost her Love.

Maufe. Why so? who knows what yet may one Day
 prove.

To quench a rooted Love is poignant Pain;
 Ev'n Kings have ta'en a Queen out of the Plain;
 And what has been before may be again. }

Madge. You Fool! to think that Match will now
 take place;

Meg's Birth so low, and *Pate* of noble Race.
 Such Things in good King *Bruce's* Days might be;
 But now such Wonders shall we never see.

Maufe. If *Pate* forsakes her, *Bauldy's* Hopes may
 play;
 Yonder he comes, and, faith, looks wond'rous gay;
 No doubt but now he thinks he'll win the Day. }

Madge. He get her! simple Fool, what Impudence!
 To dare presume where *Patrick* had Pretence;
 If I were *Meg*, I'd let young Master see.

Maufe. You'd be as careful in your Choice as he.

Enter

Enter BAULDY.

Well *Bauldy*, how go Matters? ———

Bauldy. ——— faith all Right :
All will sleep sound, I hope, but one to-Night.

Madge. And who's the unlucky One? —may we ask?

Bauldy. To find out that is not an arduous Task.
Poor simple *Meg*, whose Thoughts no more must run
On *Pate*, now prov'd to be Sir *William's* Son.
Now, now good *Madge* and honest *Mause* agree ;
While *Megs* in Dumps, put in a Word for me :
I'll be as kind as ever *Pate* cou'd prove ;
Less headstrong, and more constant in my Love.

Madge. As *Neps* can witness, and the bushy Thorn
Where many a Time to her your Heart was sworn ;
Fie, *Bauldy*, blush ; your Vows of Love retain ;
What Lass can e'er believe a perjur'd Swain ?
The Curse of Heaven hangs above their Heads
Who're ever guilty of such sinful Deeds.
I'll ne'er advise my Niece to creep so low ;
Nor wou'd she be advis'd, full well I know.

Bauldy. What's this ! a perjur'd Swain ! 'tis mighty
fine !
You lie, old Beldame, and had best decline
Such unjust Words ; else will I see you made
A due Example in white Sheet array'd.

Madge. You dare do this ! you foolish sniv'ling Page ;
Say that again, and---trembling---dread my Rage ;
And ten sharp Nails, that, when my Hands are in,
Can strip the Skin o' your Cheeks below your Chin.

Bauldy.

Bauldy. *Mause*, bear me Witness; what she's said
you know;
That I'm perjur'd—I will not let it go.

Madge. You're Witness too he call'd me scurvy
Names;
And shou'd be serv'd as his ill Breeding claims.
You filthy Dog! ———

(*seizes him by his Hair in a Fury—a stout Battle—
Mause endeavours to part them.*)

Mause. ——— fly, *Madge*; stop, *Bauldy*, pray;
I wish I hadn't seen this foolish Fray;
'Tis so silly——
(*Bauldy gets out of Madge's Clutches with a bloody
Nose.*)

Madge. ——— in *Bauldy* sure 'tis worse,
A scurvy Knave---to fly at me so fierce.
It suits him, truly, with his graceless Tongue
To tell me whether I am old or young:
Much older than myself have married been,
And, ere they died, their Childrens Children seen.

Mause. That's true; and *Bauldy* you was much to
blame,
To call *Madge* aught but her right Christian Name. }

Bauldy. My Ears, my Nose, and Head do find the
same. }

Madge. Old Beldame! filthy Fellow; I shall old ye.

Mause. No, no, you must be Friends with honest
Bauldy.
Come, come, shake Hands; this must no farther go;
You must forgive him; I will have it so.

Bauldy. To *Madge* I bear no Hate, in troth now,
Mause ;

But she, beginning first, has been the Cause
 Of what has happen'd ; and shou'd therefore crave
 My Pardon first ; and shall Acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your Pardon ! gallows Face, be gone,
 And to the Lads you've wrong'd your Fault atone :
 Go, or be blasted in your Health and Gains ;
 The due Reward of all such perjur'd Swains.
 Swear ! then recant !—was e'er the like heard tell !
 Swift take him, *Nick*, he's too long out of Hell.

Bauldy. Heaven have Mercy on us ! curs'd were he
 Who were condemn'd for Life to live with thee.

[Exit *Bauldy*.]

Madge. (laughing) I think I have done for *Bauldy*
 pretty well ;
 He scarce again to me his Love will tell.
 He's a base Villain who wou'd dare to serve
 A Damsel so ; and does no Good deserve.

Mause. You trimm'd him tightly ; I commend you
 for't ;
 His bloody Nose gave me no little Sport :
 For, this Forenoon he had that Want of Grace,
 And Breeding too, to tell me to my Face,
 He hop'd I was a Witch—and now wou'd stand
 His steady Friend, and lend my helping Hand.

Madge. A Witch !—how had you Patience this to
 bear,
 And leave him Eyes to see, or Ears to hear ?

Mause. Old wither'd Hands and feeble Joints, like
 mine,
 Obliges one Resentment to decline ;

Till

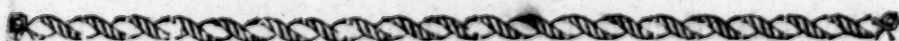
'Till oft 'tis seen, when Vigour fails our Heart,
The Want of Force supplied with cunning Art;
Thus I deferr'd Revenge till it was dark,
And at that Time have fix'd my saucy Spark;
I'm certain he'll attend; and here I came
To seek your Help, that we the Fool might shame.

Madge. And special Sport we'll have, to his fore
Cost;

Be you the Witch, and I will play a Ghost:
A Linen Sheet wound round me like one Dead;
I'll chalk my Face, and groan, and shake my Head;
We'll frighten him so, that he no more shall long
Witches to bribe, to do a Damsel wrong.

Mause. Then let us go,---for see approaching Night;
The western Sun shines with a setting Light.

[*Exeunt.*



S C E N E II.

ROGER and PATIE.

Roger. My Mind is chearful, and my Heart feels
light;

O Master *Patrick*, all your Thoughts were Right:
Sure Gentlefolk have stronger Sense than we,
Who have no Claims to boast of Pedigree.
My *Jenny*, now, who broke my Heart this Morn,
Is perfect yielding, sweet, and free from Scorn:

H

I spoke

I spoke my Mind,---she heard,—I spoke again ;
She smil'd,—I kiss'd ;—I woo'd,—nor woo'd in vain.

Patie. I'm glad to hear't ;—but O ! my Change To-day

Fills me with Joy, yet not without Alloy.
I've found a Father, gentle, kind, and dear ;
And an Estate—that mounts my lowly Sphere ;
With Looks all Kindness, Words that Love confess'd, }
He all the Father to my Soul express'd---
While close he held me to his manly Breast.
Such were the Eyes, he said, thus smil'd the Mouth,
Of thy lov'd Mother ; Blessing o' my Youth,
Who set too soon !—and, while he Praise bestow'd,
Fast down his graceful Cheeks a Torrent flow'd.
My new-born Joys, and this his tender Tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er all my Thoughts prevail ;
That, speechless long, my late known Sire I view'd ;
While gushing Tears my panting Breast bedew'd :
Unusual Transports made my Head turn round ; }
Whilst I, myself, with rising Raptures, found
'The happy Son of one so much renown'd.
But he has heard,—too faithful *Symon's* Fear
Has brought my Love for *Peggy* to his Ear,
Which he forbids,—'tis this disturbs my Peace ;
While thus to beat---my Heart must sooner cease.

Roger. How to advise you, troth, I'm at a stand ;
But, were't my Case, I'd clear it up off-hand.

Patie. Duty and Reason strongly plead his Cause ;
But Love rebels against all binding Laws :
Fixt in my Soul the Shepherdess excels,
And Part of my new Happiness repels.

Roger. Enjoy them both,—Sir *William* may be won ;
Your *Peggy's* worthy,—you're his only Son.

Patie.

Patie. She's mine by Vows and strongest Ties of
Love ;

And from these Bonds no Fate my Mind shall move :
I'll wed none else ; thro' Life I will be true :
But still Obedience is a Parent's Due.

Roger. Is not our Master and yourself to stay
Among us here ; or do you go away
To *London* Court, or other distant Parts ?
To leave your sorrowing Friends with broken Hearts.

Patie. To *Edinburgh* first To-morrow we advance,
To *London* next, and afterwards to *France*-- }
Where I must stay some Years and learn—to dance ;— }
And other such like Studies must pursue ;
Returning Home adorn'd with red-heel'd Shoe ;
'Tis then design'd, when I can well behave,
That I must be some lordly Thing's dull Slave
For sake of paltry Cash ; which well I see
Can ne'er a real Advantage bring to me :
But *Peggy*, dearer to me than my Breath,
Sooner than hear such News, shall hear my Death.

Roger. They who have just enough may soundly sleep ;
The Surplus only troubles one to keep.
Good Mr. *Patrick*, wasn't that your Theme ?

Patie. What was my Morning Thought---at Night's }
the same ; }
The Poor and Rich but differ in the Name.
Content's the greatest Bliss we can procure,
Or Heav'n can give,—without it Kings are poor.

Roger. But an Estate like yours Content must yield ;
When we can only live who glean the Field :
Fine Cloaths, soft Beds, grand Houses, sparkling Wine,
Rich Fare, and chearful Friends whene'er you dine ;

Submissive Servants, Honours, Wealth, and Ease ;
Who's not Content with these is hard to please.

Patie. So *Roger* thinks, and thinks not much amiss ;
But many a Cloud hangs hov'ring o'er their Bliss :
The Passions govern all,—if they o'erpow'r,
Like Cattle lean, they'll soon the fat devour ;
The Spleen, nice Honour, and offended Pride,
Sting, like the sharpest Goads, in Gentry's Side :
The Gout, the Gravel, ev'ry sharp Disease,
Too oft is found the Fruits of too much Ease ;
While, o'er the Lawn, the Shepherd, with less Care,
Enjoys his sober Wish---and wholesome Air.

Roger. Lord, Man, I wonder still ; and it affords
My Heart much Pleasure—list'ning to your Words :
Where got you all this Sense ? I fain wou'd know ;
It makes our Disappointments easier grow.

Patie. From Books, the choicest Books, I gain'd
some Skill ;
They best can teach what's truly good or ill.
Ne'er grudge each Year to sink some Stones of Cheese,
To gain these silent Friends that ever please.

Roger. I will, if you'll advise which should be chose ;
Faith I'll have Books, tho' I shou'd sell my Ewes.
But now let's hear how you're design'd to move
Between Sir *William's* Will and *Peggy's* Love.

Patie. Then here it rests,—his Will I shall abide ;
My Vows I'll keep, and she shall be my Bride ;
But I, some Time, this last Design must hide. }
Keep you the Secret close, and leave me here.
I sent for *Peggy*,---yonder comes my Dear.

Roger. And, proud of being your Secret-keeper, I,
To wrest it from me, all the Devils defy.

[Exit *Roger*.

Patie.

Patie. What poignant Pain it gives me to impart
My Father's Will to her who holds my Heart.
I know she loves,—and her soft Soul will sink,
While it stands trembling on the hated Brink
Of Disappointment ;—Heav'n support my Fair ;
And let her Comfort claim your tender Care :
Her Eyes are red —————

Enter PEGGY.

————— my *Peggy* why in Tears ?
Smile as you're wont,—allow no Room for Fears :
Tho' I'm no more a Shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peggy. I dare not think so high,—I now repine
At the unhappy Chance that made not me
A proper Match—or still a Swain kept thee :—
Who can, without Regret, view from the Coast
The Ship that bears his All like to be lost ?
Like to be carried by some adverse Hand
Far from his Wishes to some distant Land.

Patie. Ne'er mourn at Fate, whilst it with me re-
mains
To raise thee up, or still attend these Plains :
My Father has forbid our Loves, I own ;
But Love's superior to a Father's Frown :
I Falsehood hate,—come, throw thy Cares away ;
I know to Love, as well as to obey.
Sir *William's* gen'rous ; leave the Task to me
To make strict Duty with true Love agree.

Peggy. Speak on,---speak ever thus,—and still my
Grief ;---
Tho' short—I dare to hope the fond Relief.
New Thoughts a fairer Face will soon inspire ;
With artful Air,—and dress'd in Silk Attire :

Then

Then I! alas! with Sighs may mourn my Fate,
 When the young Knight's no more my envied *Patie*:
 No more again to hear sweet Tales exprest
 By the blythe Shepherd, who excell'd the Rest;
 No more be envied by the tattling Throng,
 When *Patie* kiss'd me for a Dance or Song;
 No more shall we on the green Meadows play,
 And run half breathless round the Ricks of Hay:
 To fly from thee---how often did I feign,
 And fell on Purpose that I might be ta'en;
 But now no more round yon green Bank shall creep,
 To watch and gaze upon thee while asleep:
 But hear my Vow,—'twill help to give me Ease;---
 May sudden Death, or deadly dire Disease,
 And worst of Ills attend my wretched Life,
 If, but to you, I'll e'er become a Wife.

Patie. Sure Heav'n approves:—and be assur'd of me;
 I'll ne'er go back from what I've sworn to thee.
 And Time,—tho' Time must interpose a-while—
 And I must leave my *Peggy* and this Isle,---
 Yet Time, nor Distance, nor the fairest Face---
 If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy Place.
 I'd curse my rising Fortune, cou'd it move
 The fair Foundation of our faithful Love.
 If at my Foot were Crowns and Sceptres laid
 To bribe my Soul from thee, delightful Maid;
 For thee, I'd quit these much inferior Things
 To those—who have the Patience to be Kings.
 Wherefore that Tear?—Believe and calm thy Mind.

Peggy. I weep for Joy, to hear my Love so kind:—
 When Hopes were sunk, and nought but dark Des-
 pair
 Made me think Life but little worth my Care;

My

My Heart was like to burst; but now I see
 Thy gen'rous Thoughts will save thy Heart for me :
 With Patience then I'll wait each rolling Year,
 Dream thro' that Night, 'till my Day-Star appear ;
 And all the while will study gentler Charms,
 To make me fitter for my Trav'ler's Arms :
 I'll coax my Uncle *Glaud*—who's far from Fool ;
 And will not grudge to put me to a School,
 Where I may Manners learn ———

Patie. ——— that's wisely said;
 And what he spends that Way---will well be paid :
 'Tho', without all those little Helps of Art,
 Thy native Sweets might gain a Prince's Heart :
 Yet now, left in our Sphere we give Offence,
 We must learn Modes---unknown to Innocence :
 Affect oft Times to like the 'Thing we hate ;
 And drop Sincerity—to keep up State :
 Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought to
 say ;
 And, for the Fashion, when we're sad, seem gay :
 Pay Compliments to those we've often scorn'd ;
 'Then scandalize 'em when their Backs are turn'd.

Peggy. If this is Gentry, I had rather be
 What I am still ; but I'll be aught with thee.

Patie. No, no, my *Peggy* ; I but only jest
 With Gentry's Apes ; for still, among the best,
 Good Manners give to Probity an Ease,
 And native Virtues join the Arts to please.

Peggy. Since with no Hazard, and such small Ex-
 pence,
 My Lad from Books can gain such solid Sense ;
 Then why, ah why ! shou'd the tempestuous Sea
 Endanger thy dear Life, and frighten me ?

Sir

Sir *William's* cruel, who wou'd force his Son,
For Lord knows what, so great a Risk to run.

Patie. Tho' there's no Doubt, but Trav'ling does
improve ;

Yet I wou'd shun it for thy Sake, my Love :
But soon as I've shook off my rustic Taste
In foreign Cities, home to thee I'll haste.

Peggy. With ev'ry setting Day and rising Morn---
I'll kneel to Heav'n, and ask thy safe Return :
Under those lofty Trees-sequester'd Shade,
Where oft, when Children, we have run and play'd ;
And to yon Grove, where first you told your Flame,
Swore you'd be mine, and I believ'd the same ;
I'll often go, and tell the Trees and Flow'rs,
With Joy, that they'll bear Witness I am yours.

Patie. My Dear, allow me from thy Temples fair
A shining Ringlet of thy flowing Hair ;
Which, as a Sample of each lovely Charm,
I'll often kiss, and wear about my Arm.

Peggy. Were ev'ry Hair that appertains to me
Worth an Estate, they all belong to thee :
Take then, my Love, the Trifle you desire,
And aught that Love with Virtue may require.

Patie. No more I'll ask ; but, since we've little
Time,
To waste it now, wou'd border on a Crime ;
Love's softer Meaning better is exprest
With sweetest Kisses on the Heart imprest. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT THE FOURTH.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

BAULDY knocking at SYMON's Door; SYMON appears.

Symon. **W**HAT want you, *Bauldy*, at this silent Hour?

When Nature nods beneath each drowly Pow'r;
Far to the North the faint glimmering Light
Stands equal 'twixt the Morning and the Night;
What makes you shake and shiver thus, my Friend?
Your Teeth too chatter,---Hair stands all on End,---

Bauldy. O give me soon some Water, Milk, or Ale;
My Head turns round, my Legs with shaking fail;
Ne'er will I go at Night thro' yon curs'd Lane,---
Alas! I ne'er shall be myself again:
I'll not forgive it---*Symon, O Symon, O!*

(Symon gives him Drink.)

Symon. What ails thee, Fool, to make so much ado?
You've wak'd Sir *William*, who has left his Bed;
He comes, I fear, ill pleas'd,---I hear his Tread.

I

Enter

Enter Sir WILLIAM.

Sir Will. How wears the Night? Does Day-light yet appear?

Symon, what means this Outcry that I hear?

Symon. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your Rest:
But some strange Thing has *Bauldy's* Mind oppress;
He's seen some Witch or ghastly Ghost at least. }

Bauldy. O! ay---Dear Sir, in troth 'tis very true;
And I am come to make my Plaint to you.

Sir Will. (*Smiling*) I long to hear't —

Bauldy. ——— Ah, Sir! the Witch call'd *Mause*,
Who dwells above the Mill among the Haws,
First promis'd that she'd help me with her Art
To gain a cross untoward Damsel's Heart;
Then bid me come and meet her when 'twas Night:
But may no Friend of mine get such a Fright!
For the curs'd Hag, instead of doing good,
(The very Thought on't freezes up my Blood)
Rais'd up a ghastly Ghost, or Dev'l, I trow,
Like a dead Corpse in Sheet as white as Snow;
Black Hands it had, it's Face quite pale and wan;
And then both Ghost and Witch on me began:
My Breeches loos'd,—while I, like a great Fool,
Was labour'd—as I us'd to be at School:
Out of it's Place my Heart was like to jump;
I nerveless grew with Fear—a lifeless Lump;
Till with a roaring Laugh they vanish'd quite;
Then I, half dead with Anger and Affright,
Got up, and fled in haste from them to you;
Hoping your Help to give the Dev'l his Due.

I'm

I'm sure no Ease will to my Heart be known,
Till in a fat Tar-barrel *Mause* is thrown.

Sir Will. Well, *Bauldy*, whate'er's just shall granted
be;
Let *Mause* be brought this Morning down to me.

Bauldy. Thanks to your Honour,—soon shall I obey;
But first some Friends I'll gather in my Way
To hold her fast, ere she can play a Trick
With her curs'd Spells to summon up Old *Nick*.
[Exit *Bauldy*.

Sir Will. Troth, *Symon*, *Bauldy*'s more afraid than
hurt;
The Witch and Ghost have made themselves good
Sport:
What silly Notions croud the clouded Mind
That is, for want of Education, Blind!

Symon. But does your Honour think there's no such
Thing
As Witches raising Devils thro' a Ring?
Such cursed Tricks, a Thousand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this Side Hell.

Sir Will. Such as the Devil's dancing in a Moor
Among a few old Women craz'd and poor,—
Who are rejoic'd to see him frisk and jump
O'er Bry'rs and Bogs, with Candles in his Rump;
Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd Cow,
Sometimes like neighing Steed, or brindled Sow;
Then with his Train thro' airy Paths to glide,
While they on Cats, or Clowns, or Broomsticks ride;
Or in an Egg-shell skim all o'er the Main
To drink their Leader's Health in *France* or *Spain*;

Then oft by Night affright faint-hearted Fools,
By tumbling down their Cupboards, Chairs and Stools :
Whate'er's in Spells, or if there Witches be,
Such Whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

Symon. 'Tis true, indeed, we never heard a Witch
Had either Sense to boast—or yet was rich :
But *Mause*, tho' poor, is an industrious Wife,
And lives a very quiet honest Life ;
Which makes me think this Mumm'ry—that's past—
Will end in nothing but a Joke at last.

Sir Will, I'm sure it will ;—but see increasing Light
Commands the Imps of Darknes down to Night :
Go, call my Servants, and my Horse prepare ;
I'll walk the while and taste the Morning Air.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

GLAUD, PEGGY, and JENNY.

Glaud. I wish, my Lasses, it holds fair till Night ;
You do not use so soon to see the Light :
But you intend, my Children, I suppose,
To take your Leave of *Patrick*, ere he goes :
And do you think—that, since so great he's grown,
He'll now, as Friends, poor Country Lasses own ?

Jenny. Tho' he's young Master now, I'm very sure
He'll scorn to slight old Friends—because they're poor.
But

But Yesterday—to all he Friendship swore,—
And kiss'd my pretty Cousin o'er and o'er.

Glaud. Ay, ay, no Doubt on't; and he'll do't again;
But, be advis'd,—his Company refrain.
Before, he, as a Shepherd, sought a Wife,
With her to live a chaste and frugal Life;
But now, grown great, too soon he will forsake
Such godly Thoughts—and boast of being a Rake.

Peggy. A Rake! what's that?—sure, if it means
aught ill,
He'll ne'er be one,—or I have lost my Skill.

Glaud. Poor Girl! thou know'st but little of Man-
kind;
One both young, good, and great---we rarely find.
A Rake's a graceless Spark---who think's no Shame
To do what such as us think Sin to name;
Such are so void of Shame, they'll never spare
To boast of their Amours with flippant Air;
They'll tempt young Things like you---their Ends
t'obtain,
And then despise you---when their Point they gain.
Be rul'd by me,---attend to what I say,—
Nor give Encouragement to such---I pray.

Peggy. Sir *William's* virtuous, and of gentle Blood;
And may not *Patrick* too, like him, be good?

Glaud. That's true; and many Gentry more than
he—

As they are wiser---better are than we;
But thinner sown; they're so puff'd up with Pride,
There's many of them mock each rev'rend Guide
Who shows the Way to Heav'n,—nay, I've heard tell,
Some of them laugh at Doomsday, Sin, and Hell.

Jenny.

Jenny. Preserve us, Father !---sure that's strangely
odd ;
For those who doubt a Doomsday---doubt a God.

Glaud. Doubt ! why they neither doubt, nor judge,
nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear,---but curse, debauch, and drink.
I say not this---as if I really thought
Patrick to such bad Ways wou'd e'er be brought.

Jenny. The Lord forbid !---no ; he knows better
Things :
But here comes Aunt---whose Face some Wonder
brings.

Enter MADGE.

Madge. Haste, haste ye ; we're sent for by our Mas-
ter
Quickly to settle some strange Disaster
'Twixt *Mause* and *Bauldy* 'bout a foolish Fray
At *Symon's* House,---the Knight sits Judge, they say.

Glaud. Give me my Stick---*Madge*, lock the outer
Door,
And bring the Girl's along,---I'll step before.

[*Exit Glaud.*]

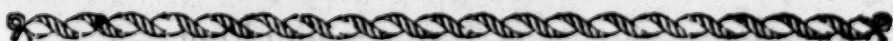
Madge. Poor *Meg* !---look *Jenny*, look at *Peggy* here,
How red with crying her swol'n Eyes appear ;
This Day her favour'd Lover takes his Horse
To shine a flashy Spark at *Edinburgh* Cross ;
To change his Crook, cut from the branching Plain,
For a fine Sword and gilded-headed Cane ;
To leave his ram-horn Spoons and wholesome Whey
For softer Tea---that smells like new-mown Hay ;

To

To leave the Dance, what Time we go to Milk,
To ruffle 'mong the Beauties clad in Silk :
While *Meg*, poor *Meg*, must with the Shepherds stay,
And take what God may send in coarse Array.

Peggy. Why need you teize us with your taunting
Scorn ;
'Tis not my Fau't that I'm no higher born,---
Had I the Daughter of some great Man been,
I ne'er had notic'd *Patie* on the Green :
Now since he rises, why shou'd I repine ?
Destin'd for another---he'll ne'er be mine.
And yet, dear Aunt, shou'd the kind Fates decree
My *Patie* to me---I yet his Wife shall be.

Madge. A likely Story, troth !---but we delay ;
Pin up your Aprons, Girls, and come away. [*Exeunt*.]



S C E N E III.

A Room in Sir WILLIAM's House ; Sir WILLIAM
sitting in his Arm-chair ; BAULDY and MAUSE
attending.

Sir *Will*. And was that all ? Well, *Archy*, you were
serv'd
No otherwise than what you well deserv'd.
Was it so small a Matter to defame,
And take away an honest Woman's Name ?

Besides

Besides your vile Intent to have betray'd,
By Perjury, an innocent young Maid.

Bauldy. My Fault I own from the Beginning thro',
And ne'er again to Neph's will be untrue.

Mause. Thus far, Sir, I'm his Debtor---I'll allow;
I knew not that they thought me so till now.

Bauldy. Indeed, good Sir, I thought her prone to
Ev'l;
But troth I was bewitch'd to seek the Dev'l;
And tho' I can forgive the Trick she play'd,
Yet she's a sly and a revengeful Jade,
And that my Limbs do feel,---but hold---I'm crost;
Be still my Tongue, for yonder comes the Ghost,
And the young handsome Witch---whose rosy Cheek
Sent me without my Wit the Dev'l to seek.

Enter MADGE, PEGGY and JENNY.

Sir Will. (*Looking at Peggy*) Who's Daughter's she
who wears the Aurora Gown?
With Face so fair---her Locks such lovely Brown,---
How sparkling are her Eyes?---what's this I find?
The Girl brings all my Sister in my Mind:
Such were the Features---once adorn'd a Face
Which Death too soon depriv'd of sweetest Grace;
Is this your Daughter, *Glaud*?

Glaud. ----- Sir, she's my Niece;
And yet she's not,---but I shou'd hold my Peace.

Sir Will. This is a Contradiction,---what do you
mean?
She is, and she is not,---pray *Glaud* explain.

Glaud. Because I doubt if I shou'd make appear
What I have kept a Secret thirteen Year: }

Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear. }

Sir Will. Speak soon---I'm all Impatience !

Patie. ————— so am I !
For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Glaud. Then, since my Master orders, I obey :---
This pretty Foundling one clear Morn in *May*
Close by the Threshold of my Door I found
All sweet and clean---and carefully wrapt round
In infant Weeds of rich and handsome make ;---
What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake ?
Who, worse than Brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to Air
So much of Innocence,---so sweetly fair ;---
So helpless young,---for she appear'd to me
Not more, indeed, than four Months old to be :
I took her in my Arms,---the Infant smil'd,
With such a Look---might make a Savage mild.
The Truth conceal'd---I pass'd her, by Design,
As a poor Orphan and a Niece of mine :
Nor do I grudge my Care for this sweet Maid,
Who all my Pains so amply has repaid.
You see she's handsome,---I can swear she's good,---
And am right sure she's come of higher Blood ;
But nothing further know I of this Maid,
Than what I to your Honour now have said.

Sir Will. The Tale seems strange ! ———

Patie. ————— the Tale delights my Ear.

Sir Will. Command your Joy, young Man, till
Truth appear.

K

Mause.

Mause. That be my Task---now, Sir, bid all be hush ;

Peggy may smile,---thou hast no Cause to blush :
Long have I wish'd to see this happy Day,
That I might safely to the Truth give way ;
That I may now Sir *William Worthy* name
The best and nearest Parent she can claim :
He saw't at first,—with piercing Eyes did trace
His Sister's Beauties in her Daughter's Face.

Sir *Will.* Old Woman do not rave ;---prove what
you say :
'Tis dang'rous in Affairs like this to play.

Patie. What Reason, Sir, can an old Woman have
To tell a Lie---when she's so near her Grave ?
But how, or why, it shou'd be Truth---I grant—
I every Thing---that Looks like Reason---want.

All. The Story's odd !---we wish we heard it out.

Sir *Will.* Make haste, good Woman, and resolve
each Doubt, ———

(*Mause* goes forward leading *Peggy* to Sir *William*.)

Mause. Has fifteen tedious Years then alter'd so
A wrinkled Face---you then so well did know ?
'That here, I, as an unknown Stranger stand
Who nurs'd her Mother---who now holds my Hand :
Yet stronger Proofs I'll give---if you demand.

Sir *Will.* Ha ! honest Nurse ! where were my Eyes
before ?
I know thy Faithfulness, and need no more :
Yet, from this Labrynth extricate my Mind ;
Say, to expose her---who was so unkind ?

Sir

(Sir *William* embraces *Peggy*, and makes her sit down
by him.)

Yes, surely thou'rt my Niece ;---Truth must pre-
vail :

But no more Words---till *Maufe* relate her Tale.

Patie. Good Nurse, dispatch thy Story, wing'd with
Bliss ;

That I may give my Coz a tender Kifs.

Maufe. Then it was I who sav'd her infant Life ;
Her Death being threaten'd by an Uncle's Wife :
The Story's long,---but I the Secret knew ;
How they pursu'd, with avaricious View,
Her rich Estate,---of which they're now possess :---
All this to me a Confidant confest.
I heard with Horror and with trembling Dread,
They'd kill the hapless Orphan in her Bed :
That very Night, when all were sunk in Rest,
At midnight Hour the Room I softly prest,
And stole the sleeping Innocent away,
With whom I travell'd sev'ral Miles ere Day :
All Day I hid me ;---when the Day was done
Pursu'd my Journey---lighted by the Moon :
Till Eastward fifty Miles I reach'd these Plains,
Where smiling Plenty glads your chearful Swains ;
Then, fear of being found out, I---to secure
My Charge---laid her at this Shepherd's Door,
And took a neighb'ring Cottage here,---that I,
Whate'er might happen to her, might be by ;
Here honest *Glaud* himself, and *Symon*, may
Remember well, how I that very Day

From *Roger's* Father took my little Cot.

(*Glaud*, with Tears of Joy falling down his Beard)

I well remember't ;—happy be your Lot :
Long have I wish'd for this,---for oft I thought
Such Knowledge some Time shou'd be brought about.

Patie. 'Tis now a Crime to doubt,---my Joys be
still,

And pay Obedience to my Father's Will :
Sir, with paternal Love survey her Charms ;
And blame me not for rushing to her Arms :
She's mine by Vows,---and wou'd, tho' still unknown,
Have been my Wife---when I my Vows durst own.

Sir Will. My Niece, my Daughter,---welcome to
my Care

Sweet Image of thy Mother,---good and fair ;
Equal with *Patrick* :---now my greatest Aim
Shall be to aid your Joys and well-match'd Flame ;
My Boy receive her from your Father's Hand
With as good Will as either wou'd demand,

(*Patie* and *Peggy* embrace, and kneel to *Sir William.*)

Patie. With as much Joy this Blessing I receive
As those wou'd Life---who're sinking in a Wave,

Sir Will. (*raises them*) I give you both my Blessing,---
may your Love
Produce an happy Race—and still improve.

Peggy. My Wishes are complete,---my Joys arise,
While I'm near giddy with the blest Surprise :
And am I then a Match for my dear Lad,
Who still for me such gen'rous Kindness had ?
Long may *Sir William* bless these happy Plains ;
Happy—while Heav'n grants he here remains.

Patie.

Patie. Be long our Guardian,---still our Master be;
Th' Estate be yours,---my *Peggy's* One to me.

Glaud. I hope your Honour now will take amends
On those who fought her Life for wicked Ends.

Sir Will. The base unnatural Villain soon shall know
That Eyes above watch the Affairs below;
I'll strip him soon of all to her 'pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got Gains.

Peggy. To me the Views of Wealth and an Estate
Seem light—when put in Balance with my *Pate*.
For his dear Sake I'll ever thankful bow,
For such a Kindness, best of Men, to you.

Symon. What double Pleasure brightens up this Day!
I hope, good Sir, you'll not soon haste away.
Shall I put up your Horse,---and now prepare
A Dinner for you—of our Country Fare?
See what true Joy unwrinkles ev'ry Brow;
Our Looks dwell on that Pair—and doat on you.
Ev'n *Bauldy*, the bewitch'd, has quite forgot
Old *Madge's* Spite—and cunning *Mause's* Plot.

Sir Will. Faithful old Man, remain with you To-
day!

I never from these Fields again will stray:
Workmen shall soon my ruin'd House repair,
And busy Gardeners shall new Planting rear;
My Father's hearty Table you shall see
Restor'd—and my best Friends rejoice with me.

Symon. That's the best News I've heard this twenty
Year:
New Day breaks up---rough Times begin to clear.

Glaud.

Glaud. God save the King, and save Sir *William*,
long
To enjoy their own—and raise the Shepherd's Song.

Roger. Who will not dance, who will refuse to sing?
What Shepherds will not laugh and smile like Spring?

Bauldy. I'm friends with *Mause*---and e'en with
Madge I'll join—
Altho' they caught me in their arch Design.
I'm now quite gay, and freely can forgive,
To join and sing—long may Sir *William* live.

Madge. Long may he live! and *Archy* Counsel keep;
Rein in your Tongue, and look before you leap;
And never call us old,—or something worse;—
Else you may yet some Witch's Fingers curse.
This Day I'll with the youngest of you—rant;
And still shall boast that I was thought the Aunt
Of our young Lady—meriting such Fame.---

Peggy. For thee I'll never learn another Name.
And my good Nurse---how shall I grateful be
For all thy matchless Kindness shown to me?

Mause. The flowing Pleasures of this happy Day
Does amply all I can require---repay.

Sir Will. To faithful *Symon*---and, kind *Glaud*, to
you—
The Farms that ye possess---as justly due—
To you and to your Heirs---I jointly share,
For acting like kind Fathers to the Pair,
Who have enough besides,---and these can spare.
Mause, in my House in Calmness close your Days.
With nought to do---but sing your Maker's Praise.

All. The Lord of Heav'n return your Honour's
Love,
Encrease your Joys, and all your Blessings---prove.

Patie presentin'g *Roger* to *Sir William*.

Sir, here's my trusty Friend, who still retain'd
My Confidence—ere I this Fortune gain'd :
Glaud's Daughter *Janet* (*Jenny* think no Shame)
Rais'd and maintain'd in him a Lover's Flame :
Long was he dumb,---at last he spoke and won ;
And hopes to be our honest Uncle's Son :
Be pleas'd to speak to *Glaud* for his Consent,
That none may wear a Face of Discontent.

Sir Will. My Son's Request is fair,—*Glaud*, let me
crave

That trusty *Roger* may your Daughter have
With free Consent,—and, while he does remain
Upon these Fields, I'll make him Chamberlain.

Glaud. You crowd your Bounties, Sir ; what can
we say ?

But that we're Debtors---who can ne'er repay :
Whate'er your Honour Wills---I must obey.

Roger, my Daughter—with my Blessing—take ;
And still our Master's Good your Business make :
Please him,—be faithful,—and this old grey Head
Shall rest in Peace among the silent Dead.

Roger. I ne'er was good at speaking all my Days,
Or ever lov'd to speak in my own Praise ;
But for my Master, Father, and my Wife,
I will employ the Cares of all my Life.

Sir

Sir *Will.* My Friends, I'm satisfied you'll all be-
have,

Each in his Station, as I'd wish or crave:
Be ever virtuous ;—soon or late you'll find
Reward and Satisfaction to your Mind.

The Maze of Life sometimes looks dark and wild ;
Oft when our Hopes are brightest---we're beguil'd :
Oft when we stand on Brinks of dark Despair,
Some happy Turn with Joy dispels our Care :
“ For Blessings ever wait on virtuous Deeds ;
“ And tho' a late---a sure Reward succeeds.”

F I N I S.



